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No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JUNE 13.

1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 5.

THE BOSTON FAIR.—[Another Account.]
U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.
N. E. WOMEN'S AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION.
No. 18 West Street, Boston, June 7, '64.

C. J. STILLE, Esq.—Dear Sir: In reply to Mr. BLATCHFORD's statement to me, of your plan for a history which should embody that of all the Sanitary Fairs, I told him, that respecting ours in Boston, there is very little to be said, but that little I should be happy to say. My time is so fully occupied that I have been unable to write earlier, and I shall beg the favor of you, that my name shall not be mentioned in connection with the few items I may communicate.

The Fair originated, and was carried forward in our quiet, staid, New England way, being entirely simple in its organization, and almost noiseless in preparation. At a meeting of the Finance Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary Association, on the 11th of May, 1863, the Fair was suggested, not as the best, but as an effective way of raising funds for the purpose of the Commission. It was voted, that it be announced in the daily journals, that it was proposed to hold such a Fair in Boston in the ensuing autumn. This announcement, signed by all the members of the Finance Committee, was made in the following terms in the Boston papers of the 19th May, and was the only notice, or circular of any kind, ever printed, except a repetition of

the same on June 8th, with the list of names of Managers annexed:

"The Finance Committee of the New England Women's Branch of the Sanitary Commission, desire to call the attention of the public, to a Fair for the benefit of that Association, which is to be held in Boston, early in the ensuing autumn.

"It is confidently believed that for an object so dear to the hearts of all New England women, it will be possible to secure such general and efficient effort as to render it even more attractive and successful than the Bunker Hill Fair, of days gone by.

"As the work of supplying needful articles for the use of our soldiers is now most successfully carried on, (especially by country towns in New England) the subscribers earnestly hope and desire that the regular labors of friends of the Commission may not be in any way interrupted by efforts to respond to this new call, which is addressed especially to those who may not yet have lent their aid to the cause, and in the hope, that by suggesting a variety of work, not only no needle will now be idle in New England, but that many other talents and accomplishments may thus be called into action to further the great object in view."

The Finance Committee appointed from its number four ladies and two gentlemen, who, inviting the assistance of two others, selected the gentlemen who should be invited to act as managers, and ladies who should be solicited to take charge of tables. This was the only Committee ever appointed, and the names of its members never appeared in print.

It was decided to hold the Fair in the Boston Music Hall, the largest building in the city, of

easy and agreeable access. It proved, however, to be much too small for our purpose; but in our doubt and distrust of the interest we could command, we never entertained the idea for a moment of erecting a building for our purpose. It was decided that twenty-four tables could be placed in the hall. One was assigned to each town in the vicinity of Boston that signified a wish to be represented at the Fair; the remainder, after assigning one as a flower table and one as a "donation table," were placed in charge of ladies of Boston, who had accepted our invitations to take them. And there ended the work of preparation for the Fair so far as any committee was concerned.

No subscriptions were ever solicited, and no expenses were ever incurred. Two rules were made and quietly mentioned to ladies when invited to take charge of tables: that no article should be received for sale upon commission, but that at the opening of the Fair, every article should belong unqualifiedly to the table upon which it was placed. 2d. That nothing should be sold by raffle, of less value than \$20, and if, after being placed in raffle a purchaser should be found, each should be withdrawn. Each lady had the entire responsibility of supplying the table over which she presided. By the kindness of Mr. Secretary CHASE, articles imported for the Fair came in free of duty, giving a large profit upon goods so provided.

It was voted to expend nothing in decora-

figures give the appearance of an indefinite number of dancers or skaters performing their gyrations in the most natural manner possible. Both are very pretty, and both yield a fair harvest of ten cent notes.

COLONEL PHILIP F. SCHOFF'S FORT.

In the following letter to *Our Daily Fare* the reader will find an interesting description of Colonel PHILIP SCHOFF's fort:

"Among the vast variety of objects of interest contributed to the Fair, may be noticed one which, in these war times, cannot fail to attract the attention of visitors. It is a model of a bastioned fort, contributed by Mr. PHILIP SCHOFF, of Reading, Pennsylvania, late a member of the staff of General HENRY BON-LEN, deceased, a civil and military engineer.

"The scale upon which it is constructed is fifteen feet to the inch, and it represents a work of the character named, with an exterior line of one hundred and twenty yards, calculated for the accommodation of a garrison of 560 men, and to be provided with twelve guns, four to be placed *en barbette* at the pancoupe of each bastion, and the others field artillery, to be fired through embrasures.

"In the central part of the work will be noticed a block-house which a determined garrison may use as a redoubt in case of the storming of the work, and which may also be used as barracks for the troops, as well as for the purpose of a magazine. In the construction it is to be covered with earth to render it bomb-proof.

"On the escarpe and counterscarpe different arrangements are shown, to render the work of scaling by an enemy more difficult, while on the glacis, the manner in which abatis should be arranged is shown. Where the color of the model is green, it represents that portion of the work which is to be covered with sod.

"This beautiful and accurately constructed model will convey to the mind of the general observer a better idea of the appearance of a fort of this description than could be obtained by a volume of description, while to the student of military science it would prove of great value in enabling him more readily to comprehend the descriptions of the text-books than he would be able to do from the drawings with which they are usually furnished. In a military or polytechnic school it would be of great value to the teacher and pupil in enabling the one to explain and the other to understand the planning and construction of field works of this character, and it is hoped that some such institution may become its possessor at the moderate price fixed upon it.

Yours, Fort.

THE SWORD CONTEST.

At ten o'clock, last evening, the vote for the sword stood as follows:

HANCOCK	703
MEADE	619
GRANT	56
McCLELLAN	50
SHERMAN	4
WARREN	1
WRIGHT	1
BUELL	1
NEIL	1
BURNSIDE	1
GIBBON	1
A. J. SMITH	1
HOOKE	1

Total.....1440

THE PRIZE KNIFE.

Mr. NATHAN LEEDS, of Cinnamunson, won the prize fruit-knife for the best two quarts of strawberries furnished the first day.

But the Committee at the Horticultural Department remind those entering prizes, that there cannot be too much of a good thing in this line. Every quart will be acceptable.

LOST CHILDREN.

In consequence of the immense crowd at the Fair yesterday, many children were lost. Parents who become separated from their children should at once call at the "Police Office" at the eastern end of Union Avenue, (on Eighteenth street,) where the estray will be found.

EXPERIENCES OF A CHAIRMAN.

I am Chairman of the Ladies' Committee for the Department of Singing Birds and Pet Animals. How we have managed the matter I leave to the public to determine. I think the collections displayed will be acknowledged to be both choice and curious, and I trust it will be productive of good financial results. The liberality of many dealers in those objects will be attested by the tickets which may be seen appended to our presents—the generosity of amateurs is published in the list of donations. I now wish to give a few sketches of the oddities and difficulties that are not ticketed.

At the outset, I put advertisements in the *Inquirer*, the *Ledger*, and the *Bulletin*, asking for appropriate gifts from friends of the cause. I subjoin a few letters received, omitting the names:

Mrs. ———:—I am a very great lover of my country. I have been wanting to do something for the soldiers, all along, but I couldn't. I don't keep store, and I have no goods to give, and my husband—he won't let me have much money; but when I read your notice in the papers, I thought, in a minute, there is something for me to give. We have six dear little kittens born yesterday, and you may have them all. Just send, if you please, to No. 1538 North Twenty-third street, any time you please, and I will give them. Send a basket. I always, to use BYRON's words,

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

so please don't give my name to anybody.

Then, from the country, came many epistles, of which I shall choose two:

County ———.

Mrs. ———:—I have got a very valuable and curious animal, which I am willing to give to the Fair; it is an old donkey. My father bought him of a scissor-grinder, whose machine he dragged about the streets on the day General Jackson gained the battle of New Orleans. This gives him an historic interest. If any of the veterans of 1812 remain, they may remember him in his palmy days, as he was much in the streets. I believe he was used in his country's service before the scissors-grinder got him. In the war of 1812, asses were not so common as they are now, and I dare say there are people who remember this one. I

propose you shall raffle him. Send for him to my house near ——— Station, Pennsylvania R. R. I leave the price of the tickets to you, but if he brings over \$20, I think I ought to be considered as to have the rest. I am as liberal as any man, and a true lover of my country, as may be seen by giving up a creature that I have been brought up with, and that seems like one of the family.

County ———.

Mrs. ———:—I am going to send you a very handsome present for the Fair; for the Fair, mark you. I have two white mice which my son brought from China. Now I'll give them willingly to the soldiers, but, ma'am I don't know you; I only know your name. It is a very delicate point. I mean not to offend, and I hope you won't be hurt. I'd like to get some man—man, I say—to endorse your receipt of my donation. A woman is a woman, and I don't know, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but when it comes to parting with property, ma'am, I do want to be secure. If Caleb Cope, for instance, will give his name, you may have the mice.

"These were the gifts sent me. Fancy a large grey cat, brought in a bag, that growled, hissed, tore every thing he came near! Six Shanghai fowls that woke the neighborhood with their hoarse matutinal cries. Thirty-six parrots, all accustomed to low company, who were constantly using words not fit for "ears polite." Twenty mongrel puppies generally of a dull yellow color. These were the first day's *recolte*. How I abated the arrivals of such creatures it is unnecessary to detail.

In looking about for "aids" the objections raised had often their droll side. A maiden lady objected to the beautiful Maltese cat. "I cannot take cats, madam; they are next to man the most treacherous of animals." One lady was afraid of being noticed, another of not being noticed enough.

In my quest among dealers, a man who sold dogs, and who had quite the physiognomy of one of his own pugs, asked me how much the committee took for themselves, and wanted to go snacks.

A woman who dealt in birds, who somewhat resembled a cockatoo—pointed nose, red face, green gown—when she learned my errand began a torrent of abuse. "No; I am not going to give anything to your Abolition army; a set of nigger thieves. My mother's grandmother had Virginia blood, and I despise your Yankee trash. Give them, indeed! I'd rather my birds would pick their eyes out."

A bright boy about ten years old came one day with a little black terrier. There seemed so much love between the two that I could not help investigating the case. Bobby was the dearest treasure little Frank possessed, but he was willing to give that for the defenders of the Union. I need not say that Bobby was bought for the benefit of the Fair, and restored to his generous master.

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having lost my only child, a fine Girl of Fifteen whose Death has overwhelmed myself and my wife with unutterable sorrow.

I have now complied with your Request and beg in my turn, you will commend me to all my Friends in America. I have endeavoured more than once to do the Colonies some service, and am,

Sir, your very humble Serv't,

TS. SMOLLETT.

London May 8 1763.

Written to Rich'd Smith, Atty at Law, Recorder of the City of Burlington.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—NO. 3.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

It was deemed fit that the Fair should bear the honored name of JOHN A. DIX as its President. Absented in his military duties, he was not able to attend personally to its details, but we all felt that it succeeded better for having the name of that unblemished statesman and distinguished patriot at the fore.

Then, it was very fitting that in the chairman we should have a name so commercially and socially distinguished as that of General GRISWOLD GREY. Uniting in himself two of the most respected families of New York and Boston, it was very proper that Mr GREY should take a prominent lead in this national and New York enterprise. The zeal, patience and ability which he displayed throughout its progress, entitle him to a distinguished place in the history of the Fair, and to the gratitude of the Sanitary Commission.

The distinguished literary qualifications of the Secretary, Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, a name honored not only at home, but throughout reading Europe, were added to a strong personal interest in the subject, to render that gentleman's arduous labors all they should be.

Of ladies it does not become me to speak.—I should deserve to be a more wounded soldier than I am, did I shock that modesty which should ever shroud the good deeds of women. I must make one exception in the person of the Vice President, Mrs. DAVID LANE, who was so emphatically the good genius of the Fair, that her "doing good" must be recorded even though she "blush to find it Fame." Embarked in an unknown sea, with an untried crew, this lady navigated her immense enterprise through gales and deceitful calm, avoiding the sunken rock and the whirlpool, "the storm, the darkness and the deadly blow," with an ability which excited every one's wonder; and from the 29th of November, until the day when she laid her splendid offering at the feet of the Sanitary Commission, no one saw her temper ruffled or her ingenuity baffled. She was "Queen o'er herself."

All the other officers and privates worked well and faithfully. It would be invidious to distinguish any. The ladies for once forgot social cliques, religious differences, political antipathies, and even the more solid insult of prettier bonnets. An occasional flash from the artillery of wit, a sort of birthday salute, would happen now and then; but it passed, and the work went on.

One lady refused to bow to another. The party who was *cut* said, mildly: "You must forgive me if I forget and bow to you hereafter. I assure you it will only be the *force of habit*!" No. 1 bowed after that.

The Police behaved so well; but then they always do, and a curious fact transpired;—These guardians of the public peace ate so much ice cream and Charlotte Russe! showing that valor does not grow by what it feeds on!

Then Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT decorated the Seventeenth street building with his own taste and with his own money! Charming combination. Selfishness had gone to pay a visit, we all thought, to the Emperor of the French: (she will come back a great beauty next year); for selfishness was nowhere to be found.

But it must be very stupid, while you are *making* history, to be reading it. Who wants, at his own marriage feast, to be reading of your or my wedding?

Lovely Philadelphia! you have a much prettier building for your Fair than New York had. Your knowing children came on and profited by our failures, yet New York forgives you. You have been so patriotic and noble since the war began! Who, like you, has fed a hungry million of soldiers? To whom but you do we owe the noble institution of the Loyal League?

Who has written such stirring war lyrics as *your* Poet? Who but your own true-hearted daughter has written the best memorial of a dead hero? And does not the world know and love your *Philanthropists*?

You have given of your abundance, and old WILLIAM PENN ought to be proud of you. Fair, eldest daughter of the Republic! beautiful in your Quaker cap and muslin kerchief, true to your antecedents, we look to you to preserve the almost forgotten tradition of *ladies and gentlemen*.

Loyal and true Philadelphia! May your Fair be the crowning Fair of all. It is meet that on *your* sacred soil should the proudest offering be raised to the glorious idea of National Unity, to the holy cause of Charity, and of "Brotherly Love."

THE SANITARY FAIR.

The Angel Mercy, in her flight,
To sadder scenes her love to bear,
Paused, for an instant, o'er this work—
And smiled, and called it blessed fair.

DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

[Written for Our Daily Fare.]
BY ELLEN MURRAY.

"It well may be," he said,
"That wide though all my breezy North,
The buds of roses hasten forth,
The robins sing their sweetest tune
To welcome in the month of June;
But, redder than the reddest rose,
For *me* my country's banner glows.

"I am content," he said,
"My father reads the news to-night,
Saying, 'My child was in the fight.'
My mother spreads the evening cheer,
And murmurs, 'Were my boy but here!'
For *me* the fight its worst has done;
Strange hands, my mother, nurse thy son.

"Tis the Fair day," he said,
"A stir is in the crowded street,
Amid the trees the thousands meet;
A thought of those who bleed and die
Fills every heart, dims every eye;
For *me*, it is enough to know
Kind nurses past my bedside go.

"I am most blessed," he said,
"Some of our men, beneath the sun,
Die slowly on the field they won,
Some in the foemen's prison pine
Longing for Northern breeze and shine;
For *me*, my own true land has done
A mother's kindness for her son.

"And if I die," he said;
"There is no sweeter death to come
Than death for freedom, land and home;
No country for which heroes bled,
Loves more than ours its patriot dead,
And I am over blest to be
One of that well-loved company.

"Tis time to pray," he said,
"For all should pray when death is near,
And yet I do not feel a fear
To pray against; no wish, no will,
In God's sweet presence lying still,
I only pray for God's great might,
To help my country and her right."

St. Helena, S. C.

THE LILY OF LOCH-INE.

[Written for Our Daily Fare.]

BY THOMAS BAILY ALDRICH.

I
SHE was very, very fair,
Like a Saint in her blonde hair—
Like Raphael's Madonna,
With a certain shade of care,
And a glory breaking on her!

II
In the Kirkyard let her lie,
Let the thistles and the burrs
Cover up the two-fold life,
The sinless life, and her's,
God a'mercy on that day
When the grave gives up the Dead
And the World shall pass away!

III
Now Sir Rohan sails the sea,
Loud he laughs above his wine,
And he never, never thinks
Of the Lily of Loch-Ine.
God a'mercy on that day
When the grave gives up the dead,
And the World shall pass away!

tion of the Hall beyond absolute necessity, and the simplest preparation was therefore made.

The Fair opened on Monday evening, the 14th of December, 1863, with a promenade concert in connection with the organ and an exhibition of the articles on sale. It continued open until Monday of the following week, with this result :

Admission fees.....	\$25,777 40
Sales, Private Theatricals, Curiosity Room, &c.....	127,881 57
Total Receipts.....	153,658 97
Expenses.....	4,771 92
Cash paid Music Hall.....	2,936 20
	7,708 12
Net Receipts.....	145,950 85

It will be seen that the Boston Fair differed from all others, in being almost exclusively a Ladies' Fair. A few large articles were voluntarily contributed by manufacturers, but no such donations were solicited. Had any effort been made to obtain such articles, the receipts of the Fair would have been largely increased. The expenses will be seen to have been very small.

My time is so fully occupied that this is necessarily a very hasty sketch, and I regret its delay. Very truly yours,

ANNIE L. ENDICOTT.

A LETTER FROM TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

About a century ago, Mr. RICHARD SMITH, a Recorder of the city of Burlington, New Jersey, addressed to TOBIAS SMOLLETT, the novelist, a letter, putting divers rather close and personal questions, which were most courteously answered. We now print for the first time this correspondence; for a copy of which we are indebted to our fellow-townsmen, FERDINAND J. DREER, Esq., whose private collection of autographs has, through his liberality, contributed so largely to the Great Central Fair. A few defects in the original MS. have been observed in the printed copy.

RICHARD SMITH TO TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Sir:—You will pardon the Curiosity of a Man distant from you many Thousand Miles—who will however take it as a very particular Favor to have that Curiosity satisfied by a note from you sent by the first Opportunity either via Philada or New York.—The Writer of this Letter as well as many of his Acquaintances has been often delighted with, not to say instructed, by your works, and out of mere gratitude he cannot refrain from returning you his hearty Thanks. It is from Truth indeed and not from Adul—That I must say I look upon you as the First Genius in Britann and the first—d—ter—and I should be glad to hear his Majesty has honored you with

ion at least equal to Johnsons—Of the circumstances of your Life we are at this Distance—title—but I should be glad to be informed whether Roderick Random or—kle contain any Traces of your real Adventures—and at what age or under what circumstances they were written. Count Fathom shows a Smollett in every page but it has not all the Graces of my Favorite Pickle—as to Lancelot Greaves many here are pleased to say that you Lent your Name upon that Occasion to a Mercenary Bookseller. The Voyages which go under your Name (Mr. Rivington (whom I consulted on the Matter) tells me are only nominally Yours or at least were collected by (your, erased) understrappers. Mr. Rivington also gives me such an account of the Shortness of Time in which you wrote the History of England—as is hardly credible. I should be glad to be truly instructed in that particular and I was Desired by Several to ask you whether the 4th Vol. of the Continuation is to be the last, or whether You will not chuse to continue it to the End of the War—which I hope will be the Case—To this string of Quest's give me to add the Request of a List of your Genuine Works and whether you are like soon to publish any Thing, that I may have the Satisfaction of Purchasing among the First.

If I ask any Thing impertinent you will punish (me, erased) neglect—but you can hardly conceive the pleasure I should take in communicating your answer to my Friends—and in having—in Pos—a Letter from the Author of the Complete Hist. of Engl and Continuation.

I am Your most Obedt

& very humble servt,

RICHARD SMITH,

Atty at Law, Recorder
of the City of Burlington.

BURLINGTON in New Jersey

26 Feb. 1763.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT TO RICHARD SMITH.

Sir:—I am favoured with yours of the 26th of February, and cannot but be pleased to find myself as writer, so high in your Esteem. The Curiosity you express with regard to the particulars of my Life and the variety of situations in which I may have been, cannot be gratified within the Compass of a Letter. Besides, there are some Particulars of my Life which it would ill become me to relate. The only Similitude between the Circumstances of my own Fortune and those I have attributed to Roderick Random, consists in only being born of a respectable family Family in Scotland, in my being bred a Surgeon and having served as a Surgeons mate on board a man-of-war during the Expedition to Carthage. The low Situations in which I have exhibited Roderick, I never experienced in my own Person.

I married very young, a native of Jamaica, a young Lady well known and universally respected, under the name of Miss. NANCY LASSELLS, and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though modest estate, in that Island. I practised Surgery in London after having improved myself by travelling in France and other foreign Countries till the year 1749 when I took my Degree of Doctor in medicine and have lived ever since in Chelsea (I hope) with credit and Reputation. No man knows better than Mr. RIVINGTON what Time I employed in reading the four first Volumes of the History of England; and indeed the short Period in which that work was finished, appears almost incredible to myself, when I recollect that I turned over and consulted above three hundred volumes in the course of my labor.

Mr. RIVINGTON likewise knows that I spent the best part of a year in revising, correcting and improving the Quarto Edition which is now going to Press, and will be continued in the same size to the late Peace. Whatever Reputation I may have got by this Work has been dearly bought by the Loss of Health which I am of opinion I shall never retrieve. I am now going to the South of France in order to try the effects of that climate, and very probably I shall never return. I am much obliged to you for the Hope you express that I have Claimed Some Pension from his Majesty; but the truth is I have neither Pension nor Place, nor am I of that Disposition which can stoop to solicit either. I have always piqued myself upon my independency & I trust in God I shall preserve it to my dying day.

Exclusive of some small detached Performances that have been published occasionally in Papers and magazines the following is a genuine List of my productions: Roderick Random, The Regicide, a Tragedy, a Translation of Gil Blas, a Translation of Don Quixote, an Essay upon the external use of water, Peregrine Pickle, Ferdinand Count Fathom, great Part of the Critical Review, A very small part of a Compendium of Voyages, The complete History of England and Continuation, a Small Part of the modern Universal History, some Pieces in the British Magazine, comprehending the whole of Sir Launcelot Greaves, a small part of the Translation of Voltaire's works, including all the notes historical and critical to be found in that Translation. I am much mortified to find it is believed in America that I have lent my name to Booksellers: that is a species of Prostitution of which I am altogether incapable. I had engaged with Mr. Rivington and made some Progress in a work exhibiting the present state of the world; which work I shall finish if I recover my Health. If you should see Mr. Rivington please give my kindest Compl'ts to him, tell him I wish him all manner of Happiness though I have little to expect for my own share

SANITARILY.

I saw my wife, three days have past,
With two large bundles hurry fast—the beauty,
To catch a car for Logan Square;
She cried, while hastening to the Fair—"Duty!"
Sanitarily.

No better wife e'er rode or walked,
No better woman ever talked,—she's bright;
Her nose is straight, her eyes are gray,
And when she speaks you'll hear her say—"All right!"
Sanitarily.

She left her dinner and her tea,
She left her lovely children, three—[yell now!]
And with those bundles started off,
Apologizing with a—cough—"Well now!"
Sanitarily.

I cried out "Mary! you look here,
Where is the cellar-key for beer?"—and so on,
She shouted back in accents clear,
So that the words ring in my ear, "Go on!"
Sanitarily.

"Oh, don't go, ma," her youngest squalled;
"Oh, stay at home," the eldest bawled—shut up!
One look she gave, but off she went,
This answer all she backward sent—"I'm going up."
Sanitarily.

"Look out for worms from lofty trees;
Take care of draughts, or else you'll sneeze—tchec!"
So saying, I let her depart,
In a 19th street railroad car—t, without her tea—
Sanitarily.

Next morn a friend up at the Fair
Described my wife as being there—Go in!
'Mid flags and tables, cloths and toys—
Singing away with hearty voice, "We've busy been."
Sanitarily.

Next night, a neighbor said he'd seen
Her fast asleep two flags between—the idea!
Still holding pinecushions and things,
And selling thus, asleep she sings, "They are not dear."
Sanitarily.

Bless her, I miss her, that I know,
But her good deeds are not for show:
The work of her small hands may save
A brother from untimely grave.
Sanitarily.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

We resume our reports of the contents of the Fair with a few words on

THE CAMP CHEST.

The Good Intent Hose Company No. 2 have in the Firemen's Department a Camp Chest, containing a full set of glass and silver ware for field service. The chest is made of mahogany and firmly bound with brass. The interior is well packed with articles of glass and silver, consisting of a complete set for breakfast, dinner, tea, or lunch, and cooking utensils to suit. Besides this, there are razors, brushes, looking glass, cigar cases, books, and various other articles of handsome workmanship, such as plates, soup dish, knives and forks,

Three hundred dollars has been fixed as the value of the chest and its contents. It has been presented to the Sanitary Commission to be given to the General receiving the highest number of votes.

THE SWORD.

Messrs. EVANS & HASSALL have given to the U. S. Sanitary Commission a magnificent sword valued at \$2,000. The blade is of Damascus steel and the diamonds in the hilt are said to exceed in value those in the sword voted to Gen. GRANT in New York. It will be presented to the General receiving the highest number of votes, and the contest is carried on in Union Avenue, West of the Flag Staff.

We shall, from day to day, keep our patrons informed of the state of the books.

SILVER FIRE HORN.

The America Hose Co. No. 17, has hit upon a plan to interest the firemen. A silver fire horn, elaborately carved and mounted, has been given to the Commission to be voted for, by the Members and Friends of the Companies composing the fire Department. It will furnish a good test of the popularity of prominent gentlemen in the Department.

THE CAKE.

A table in the Fire Department contains a large Cake to be presented to the inmates of the Soldier's Home, and subscriptions are solicited. The cake is valued at \$16, and subscriptions of any amount will be received.

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON exhibit a sewing machine inlaid with pearl, worth \$250, with rose wood case. It will be presented to Mrs. General MEADE. One dollar will entitle you to be placed on the list of subscribers to this beautiful instrument.

SMOKING CAP AND WRAPPER.

Governor CURTIN is not forgotten in the hurlyburly of votes and subscriptions. Mrs. EMMA HEYLE has given a wrapper, smoking cap, and slippers, to be presented, by subscription, to the Governor of Pennsylvania. Fine black silk velvet is the material used in these articles, and each is embroidered in the most beautiful manner. The case containing these articles is on the first table in Union avenue.

BRIGHT OR CORDEN.

Close by the above is exhibited an embroidered English Banner Screen, with the Royal Coat-of-Arms of England. This beautiful screen was made by Mrs. OGDEN, the wife of our Consul at Quebec, and she gave it to the Sanitary Commission to be presented to JOHN BRIGHT or RICHARD CORDEN, "as a slight token of appreciation by the citizens of the United States of their services in behalf of the National cause in Parliament or elsewhere." The choice will be determined by the majority of the votes of subscribers. Subscriptions, fifty cents. No American should avoid stopping to add his name to the list.

WORK TABLE.

A beautiful work table is displayed in Union Avenue, for presentation to Mrs. General MEADE.

THE UNION LEAGUE.

In the department for porcelain ware in Union Avenue, there is on exhibition and for subscriptions, a splendid group in bisque, to be presented to the Union League. Each figure in the group is emblematic of a city in France. As a work of art it is perfect.

CLOTH.

ROCKHILL & WILSON exhibit full suits of clothing for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Admiral FARRAGUT, Lieutenant General GRANT and Colonel CROSSMAN; SOMERS a suit for General HANCOCK, and GRANVILLE STOKES suits for General MEADE and Governor CURTIN. Subscriptions will be received for these, and already the excitement is perceptible. The clothing is near to the sword, and it is so "handy" to slip from the one to the other.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL MEADE.

In the Department of Arms and Trophies, there is a fine ivorytype of General Meade, which it is proposed to present to Mrs. Meade by subscriptions.

THE BISHOPS.

At the northern end of the avenue devoted to furniture, &c., there is a model of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, with a group representing the "Taking of the Veil." This will be voted for, the candidates being Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia and Bishop Dominick, of Pittsburgh.

BABY HOUSE.

A model baby house is exhibited in the Children's Department, and passers-by are solicited with a view to a presentation to the daughters of General Meade. Subscriptions are not limited in amount.

THE ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

In the School Department a miniature house is up for subscribers at 25 cts, to be presented to the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum.

SADDLE.

At the northern end of the avenue where New Jersey is located, will be found a handsome saddle and horse trappings open to voting, the contest being between General MEADE and General HANCOCK. As it is opposite the Turkish Divan, one can not fail to find it.

WASHINGTON ALBUM.

In the Old Curiosity Shop, Mrs. JAMES exhibits her famous Washington Album, which is to settle a contest between the sword and the pen. Our *Fare* has already contained a notice of this interesting book, and we need only refer to it now, as everybody will stop and look at the old volume, if only for the pleasure of having the beautiful young lady turn the leaves, and above all to have her smile as you pay your dollar.

THE LEGHORN BONNET.

At a table near the Bohemian Glass Blowers you will find a beautiful and valuable Leghorn Bonnet. In accordance with the Fair fashion this is to be presented by votes to the wife of the General receiving the highest number of

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1864.

THE FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

HIGHLY as we are all coming to appreciate the work done by this noble organization, but few of us have yet thought out to their remote results either its present influences upon our soldiers and our armies, or those more enduring effects it is certain to leave upon our national character after its active operations shall have come to a close. Some of these are so forcibly presented in the following contribution, written for *Our Daily Fair* by Mr. J. T. HEADLY, from his home at Cedar Lawn, on the Hudson, that we take the liberty of adopting them for the editorial page. We may, in this connection, state that Mr. HEADLY has manifested a great interest in our present Central Fair, and done much to aid it by many happy suggestions.

The greatest blessings to the human race are not always the *direct* result of the actions that really, under God, produced them. While seeking a good, seemingly to us immeasurably great, we secure another in the future, vaster than the imagination had conceived of. The discovery of a new hemisphere, important as it was in its immediate effect on science and commerce, revealed but a moiety of the beneficial results that, in the lapse of time, flowed to the whole world. So the Sanitary Commission, which sought solely the amelioration of suffering in the camp and hospital, already sees a wider field opening before it, and results to be accomplished by it, to which the immediate saving of life and suffering is comparatively insignificant. Not that the amount of pain it relieves, and the solace it brings to the sick and wounded—the lives it saves to the country, and the thousands of homes it keeps from being darkened, and the thousands of hearts it saves from being broken, are not worth all the money it spends, and all the labor it freely gives; for it is impossible to measure the amount of good it does in this respect. Could each contributor follow the sum he bestows to the hospital or battle-field, and see the despairing eyes it reillumes with the light of hope, the tortured frames it restores to comfort, or the life it brings back from the grave, and trace its effect still further, to the home of the sufferer, where blessings are rained on the noble charity that relieved his pains, and brought him back to rejoicing hearts, he would bless God that he ever put it in his heart to give it his aid and sympathy.

Still, there are other results to be reached by the Sanitary Commission, which, appealing less to our sympathies, and especially to our

senses, have, nevertheless, a grander bearing on the destiny of the race. We speak of iron-clads, and rifled cannon, and strange, destructive missiles of death, as destined to produce marvellous changes in all future wars; but they all combined will not work such marvellous changes as the Sanitary Commission.

In the first place, it will annihilate forever that wide interval that has always existed between the army and the people. It prevents the soldier from drifting away from the influence of home. It binds him to its tender charities by all that made that home dear; and more than all, holds him with the strongest of all earthly bonds, the sweet influence of woman. The flag of the Commission, as it floats over the field, and the initials on its wagons as they traverse the camps, speak to the soldier of woman, in the form of mother, sister, wife, friend; telling him that her tender hands are ministering to his comfort, and thus throwing a chain around his heart that fastens him to all the amenities, and delights, and pure enjoyments, of domestic and social life: aye, binds him with a power that the rude jest of the bivouac, or the companionship of the camp, cannot break. In short, its tendency is to keep the army *one with the people*, thus rendering it impossible for a tyrant to convert it into an instrument for the accomplishment of his own base ends. The love of spoil, and of a life without moral restraint, that makes a great army so dangerous to human freedom, is thus to be overcome by charity. In this country, where the army springs so directly from the people, we may not appreciate at present the magnitude of these results. But does any one suppose that this great charity, born not of man but of God, is going to stop here? Doubtless the monarchical and despotic governments of the old world will be slow to adopt it. Always on the watch, to resist the encroachments of democratic institutions, they will see in it a direct tendency to bind the army and people together, and thus loosen their hold on the former, except as they use it for purely patriotic ends. On this account it doubtless will work its way slowly, yet surely. They can easier keep out steam-power, than this new apostle of love and charity.

Wide as the chasm is that one is compelled to leap when he asserts that the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, in their ultimate results, are to make the armies of the world *the armies of the people and not of kings*, yet we believe it is cleared by no flight of the imagination, but is passed by laws as natural and true as those which govern the engineer. We are always in a hurry, and satisfied with nothing but immediate results; but that "Eternal thought," that moves on the universe, has ordained that a great and noble charity shall end its full mission on earth only with the earth itself.

THE MODEL POST-OFFICE.

There is nothing more unjust than the favoritism that is usually exercised at Post-offices. In despotic countries it may do very well to make arbitrary distinctions among individuals, but it is certainly intolerable in a republic, that one man should receive a letter when he asks for it, and another should be refused. Post-offices are supported out of the common funds, for the common benefit, and yet it is within the experience of every one, that some persons are turned off without the scratch of a pen, while others receive as many, if not more, letters than they want. It seems not to arise from prejudice against individuals, but to be the result of mere caprice. We, ourselves, have often been told there were no letters for us, when we were really anxious to receive one, and at other times, oftenest on the first days of January and July, we have received quantities of wretched epistles in those horrid yellow envelopes, which we felt not the slightest desire for.

In the Fair Post-office these evils have been remedied. The Executive Committee, with that wise discretion that regulates all their proceedings, have requested that all their visitors should be treated alike, and that every one who asks for a letter at the Post-office should receive one. This request has been strictly complied with, and will be enforced until the close of the Fair. To obtain a letter, therefore, it is only necessary to pay for it. We trust that this great reform will meet, as it deserves, the favor of every one, and that they will show their appreciation of it by buying early and often.

The Post-office Committee have also prepared a book, called "The Book of Nonsense," which any person, without distinction of age or sex, can buy, and which they can either keep themselves or present to a friend. Clubs of any number can be accommodated, and will be supplied with them at the same rate at which they are offered to single purchasers. This advantage, we venture to say, has never before been offered by any publisher, and we hope it will be responded to in the same liberal spirit in which it is made. Persons buying ten copies can have the autograph of any man of distinction, living or dead, written on the fly-leaf, in their own presence, so that they may be satisfied of its authenticity.

SOMETHING TO THINK OVER.

If the numerous Sanitary Fairs which have been held in many cities had not contributed one dollar to the object for which they were legitimately destined, they would still have been of incalculable profit to the country, owing to the degree to which they have stimulated domestic exchanges, or buying and selling in every form; possibly averting a panic, and certainly keeping our minds from much needlessly gloomy thought.

Sanitary, and twenty-five for return postage—since returned it will be, “as sure as death and taxes”—if not waste-paper-basketed.

.....The Post Office has a tasteful little edifice close by the great flagstaff, and is in the full tide of successful operation. A regular postal system is established throughout the Fair buildings. Letters may be safely deposited for the U. S. Post Office or the Fair Post Office, in any of the boxes distributed through the different departments. The Post Office also receives from the U. S. Office all letters addressed to the Central Fair, and delivers them to their proper departments. We give a list, (which we shall continue), of the advertised letters.

Professor Allen	Charles Maclester
George H. Boker	Clement B. Newbold
Horace Binney, Jr.	Henry Owen
Governor Curtin	John L. Phillips
Andrew Dulles	P. T. Randolph
Daniel Elmer	Harrison Smith
John W. Forney	Alexander Smith
Charles D. Gardette	William Tatem
Master Leland Harrison	George Torrens
Charles E. Johnson	F. G. Vaux
D. Rodney King	Rev. Dr. Washburn
Dickinson Logan	Mr. Langhorn Wistar
C. Willing Littell	Dr. Caspar Wister
William Moehring	Kirk B. Wells
Miss Harriet Ashurst	Mrs. E. Hunn
Miss Lucy Askew	Miss Charlotte B. Hopkins
Mrs. Chapman Biddle	Miss Susan Keating
Mrs. George H. Boker	Miss Lucy Lovell
Miss Edith Biddle	Mrs. Joseph Lea
Mrs. Robert Carter	Mrs. E. Lathrop
Mrs. Constable	Miss Emily McClellan
Mrs. Claghorn	Miss Lydia Mason
Mrs. Caleb Cope	Mrs. Lewis Norris
Miss Anna Dulles (care of	Mrs. James H. Orne
Charles Stille)	Miss Mary Paul
Miss Melissa Dawdle	Mrs. David Pepper
Miss Mary Elmer	Mrs. Mary Plensants
Miss Maggie Fassitt	Mrs. T. B. Buchanan Read
Mrs. Mary Clay Gray	Miss Helen Scott
Mrs. Ward Hazeltine	Miss Bessie Shober

.....We mention, by request, that “Jean Ingelow,” the poetess, has sent to our Great Central Fair one hundred dollars. In answer to a request to write for the Fair, she replies: “If I can, I will do so; but I think it doubtful whether I can write any verses that are likely to be desirable for such a cause, and I should not like to damage it by sending bad ones.” Professor LONGFELLOW, having received from our Newspaper Committee a request to write, contributed eight volumes of his works with his autograph on the title-page of each. They are for sale at the book stand, Union avenue. According to our latest estimates, the *Daily Fare* entered on its existence with twelve thousand one dollar subscriptions, paid for in advance, and the cry is still they come from distant States. That is to say, we had about one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies “sold ahead.” Nearly the whole of this was “rushed in” on us within three days to our utter amazement. If certain subscribers have not, as yet, received their copies, let them rest assured and slumber tranquilly in the happy faith that all will be faithfully delivered in due time. To all of this amount must be added the number required for sale in the Fair. We did hope to contribute a huckleberry to the Sanitary, but the Eternal Fates seem to have ordained that it shall be a persimmon.....Dolls seem to be “turning up Jack about these

times,” as some eminent theologian elegantly remarks. The following prospectus sets forth the last expiring agony in the *poupet* line:

BUY A TICKET!

THE GREAT MILLION DOLLAR DOLLY.

There is now in preparation in this city a wonderful Doll, the body and head of which cost One Million dollars.

HER WARDROBE, ordered from Victorine in Paris, will be of fabulous splendor and incredible cost.

HER JEWELRY, embraces the Kohinoor diamond, the entire British, French and Russian regalia, and the contents of all the Reichs Capelle and the Green Vaults of Germany, all of which have been secured without regard to expense.

HER LIBRARY includes all the books not more than one inch long, which are mentioned by Dibdin, Brunet or Kaiser. Every book is bound at an expense of one hundred dollars.

HER GLOVES, one thousand pairs, have been produced by intense competition between Jouvin, Boivin and all the other *vins*.

HER WORKBASKET of spun gold was designed by MEISSONIER.

HER BABY HOUSE will employ the ability of all the artists, poets, upholsterers, architects and men of genius of every kind in America, Europe and the rest of creation.

To be disposed of AFTER the Fair in any way the subscribers may think fit. Tickets one thousand dollars each, the lucky drawer being pledged to give it immediately back again!

Inquire at the *Daily Fare* Table, of any of our Fairies.

.....Among the residents of other cities who have worked with full heart for our Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, we venture to mention Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD, of New York. The GARIBALDI dagger, and other relics referring to that great man, and, as we should judge, nearly a thousand dollars worth of contributions to the autograph department, are due to her indefatigable exertions in securing them for us.....Ladies in attendance at different tables are requested to make notes of anything particularly curious or beautiful under their charge, with the price, and “expediate” the same unto *Our Daily Fare* table.....We feel it to be our great moral mission to point out the fact that the goods for sale in the Fair are generally below the usual store prices. For instance, *Daily Fare* being in the puffing line was this morning greatly taken by a meerschaum in the Tobacco Department, marked Ten Dollars, which was well worth Fifteen. Moreover gentlemen are not importuned to purchase, neither do the ladies chase victimisable looking men up and down the galleries imploring them to “buy, buy,” till they stand and deliver.—*Daily Fare* was once at a fair in England where nothing under a Countess or an Honorable stood at the tables—no, they didn’t stand there at all, but just chased men, hustled them and assailed them like emigrant runners around a newly discovered Dutchman. One Duchess or something, chased us around two galleries, bearing in her arms a great tallowy

wax Cupid two feet high, with gold leaf on its wings, and vowed that we *must* take it. Having already done our best, we were reluctantly compelled to decline her Love.

[N. B.—This was our only “affair” with a Duchess.]

.....“Flowers from the Battle-field,” a little volume of poems by a young lady of Wilmington, Delaware, is for sale at the Delaware department. Persons wishing to take with them an interesting memorial of the Fair, will find this unpretending collection, replete with beauty, tenderness and patriotism. Apropos of flowers from the battle-field, we saw on the Fair field yesterday—somewhere in New Jersey we believe—a bunch of water lilies rather more natural than life, and entirely suggestive of calm ponds, blue eyes, catfish, duck-weed and dreams, to say nothing of floating lazily along in a boat, catching at the blossoms, and “oh! dear, I’ve wet my sleeve.” Just at this point, by one of those strange coincidences which fate reserves for saints and editors, the eye of the great and good *Daily Fare* was caught by the following poem in a modestly elegant hand o’ write, and forthwith accepting the *signum*, we found place for it.

POND LILIES.

Lilies, pale lilies, are you spirit-flowers
In whose deep hearts memories of heaven lie?
Why will you never bloom in garden bowers,
But only love the shadows of the sky?

This narrow heaven, girdled in a rim
Of reedy fingers tangled by the waves,
With misty sunlight flooded to the brim,
And dimpled where the lark her pinions laves.

Here will we float, and, musing, ever gaze
Into the boundless heavens, broad and fair,
Until the stars lean from their lofty ways,
Look through your souls and kindle glory there.

Tremble, pale lilies! Hark, the tempest sighs!
A single cloud can blot all heaven out!
Hark! the strong blasts are wrestling with the boughs,
And silver-handed winds the rushes flout.

Farewell, O, Lilies! for the deep floods roar,
And the loud rain your tender bosoms grieves,
Poor Lilies, drifted from your peaceful shore,
Broken and faded are your shining leaves.

A voice serene threaded the sunken storm,
“Mourn not for us, although the winds may reap
The stately forests; us they cannot harm,
Our anchors to the heart of earth we keep!”

“Oh, blessed lilies! I, too, stem the flood;
All heaven a blot, afar from every land,
My soul is anchored to the love of God,
Beat louder, storms, at last I feel his hand.

The individual who sent us “Barbara Frietsche” for publication, is informed that we have seen the poem before in the works of one WHITTIER, and that we do not republish “old soldiers.”.....The Professor has visited the Horticultural department, and in the excess of his delight at the admirable talent displayed in its arrangement and decoration, was heard to say to one of the pretty aids as he left the fountain, “Sweet flower, good night,” alluding

votes. As 25 cents is the price of a vote, here is an opportunity to designate your preference without depleting your purse to any considerable extent.

THE ARTISTS' ALBUM.

This superb volume is to be presented to Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN. It is a collection of water colors, and every picture is a gem.—The book is bound in a style to correspond with the value of its contents, and as a work of art is one of the most beautiful articles in the exhibition. It is on a table in the centre of Union avenue, east of the flag-staff.

VOTE EARLY AND VOTE OFTEN.

Visitors to the Fair will have little difficulty in testifying their appreciation of the gallant deeds performed by our Union Generals, or of the equally important services rendered by orators and writers of this country and Europe. Not only can you select the individual for whom you entertain the highest respect, but you can select the article which in your judgment is most worthy of his acceptance. Throughout the Fair building, there are voting stands, and the object for which the votes are cast is placed in a conspicuous position.

THE VASE.

And first is the magnificent vase, in solid silver, given by BAILY & Co. It is in Union Avenue, near the flag-staff, and attracts, perhaps, as much attention as any other article in the exhibition. Twenty dollars will entitle you to nominate a candidate for popular suffrage in the disposition of the vase, and one dollar will entitle you to a vote. The vote is by sealed ballots. The candidates in nomination thus far are:

1. Abraham Lincoln was nominated by A. E. Borie, Esq.
2. Union League of Philadelphia nominated J. Gillingham Fell, Esq.
3. Major General Meade was nominated by C. H. Clark, Esq.
4. John Welsh, Esq., was nominated by Charles McAllister, Esq.
5. Rev. H. W. Bellows was nominated by E. W. Clark, Esq.
6. Hon. S. P. Chase was nominated by W. G. Moorehead, Esq.
7. Major General Sherman was nominated by W. H. Carryl, Esq.
8. Lieutenant General Grant was nominated by J. H. Orne, Esq.
9. Major General Hancock was nominated by Joseph Harrison, Esq.
10. Major General McClellan was nominated by Theodore Cuyler, Esq.
11. Right Rev. Matthew Simpson was nominated by John Welsh, Esq.
12. Right Rev. Andrew Potter was nominated by John Welsh, Esq.
13. Right Rev. James F. Wood was nominated by John Welsh, Esq.
14. Hon. E. M. Stanton was nominated by George P. Smith, Esq.

THE MODEL HOUSE.

• Next is the Model House. In every detail it is perfect, and the value—\$1,000, which has been fixed for it—will not be deemed too extravagant in view of the amount of labor ex-

pended upon its construction and furnishing. Gentlemen who stand A No. 1 in their respective departments were selected to build and furnish this miniature mansion. When we state that the marble chimney-piece in the parlor required three days of constant labor to bring it to its present perfect form, some idea may be gathered of the care bestowed on the building. An Italian artist performed the work. A placard informs visitors that the following gentlemen were concerned in the erection of the house:

Architect, Collis & Audenried.
Builder, Michael Erickson.
Marble work, E. Greble.
Papering, Howell & Brothers.
Painting, R. W. Pegley.
Arranging Curtains, W. J. Ray.
Divan, Awnings and Upholstering, W. H. Patton.
Extension tables, book case and library, by Hochley.

The building is divided into three stories, and each room is complete with its miniature furniture. The book case contains volumes suited to the Lilliputian character of the establishment. The "Art Gallery" is the crowning feature. At the door there is supposed to be sold a catalogue of the collection of Paintings. The size of the book and the title page are in keeping with the building. The title page reads:

Price, 1 mill.
Catalogue
of the
Grildrig Collection
of
Pictures
Lately imported from the Kingdom of Lilliput,
and exhibiting for the
Benefit of the
Great Central Fair.

N. B. To avoid confusion, visitors are requested to keep to the right, and examine the pictures in their numerical order.

Canes and umbrellas to be kept at the door. There are twenty-six pictures, and at each is a letter gem, contributed by an artist of reputation. The collection is almost beyond money value. Look at the list:

1. Sunset—Hamilton.
2. Marine View—Hamilton.
3. Puss in Boots—Cresson.
4. Chester, England.
5. The tower from which Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army—H. J. Morton.
6. Mount Washington—E. D. Lewis.
7. Lake George—E. D. Lewis.
- 7-8. Two South American Portraits—P. Justinane.
9. Sea Side View—Ruggles, N. Y.
10. Water Fall—Ruggles, N. Y.
11. Rubens, after the original, by himself, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence—Mardelli.
12. White Mountains—Ruggles.
13. Lake View—Ruggles.
13. Notch in White Mountains—Ruggles.
15. Mountain View—Ruggles.
16. Swiss Chalet—Miss Susan Dallas.
17. Landscape—E. D. Lewis.
18. Sceaux France—Presented by H. J. Morton.
19. Landscape—E. D. Lewis.

20. Snow Scene—H. J. Morton.

21. A Country Courtship—Presented by H. J. Morton.

22. "Look at Dolly"—Rothermel.

23. A Winter Scene in Normandy—A. Johnson.

24. Ruins of a Temple of the Sun—Salvator Rosa—Presented by Miss Mary Wilcox.

25. Italian Peasants—Knight.

26. Snow Storm in the Woods—Hamilton.

None of these paintings are more than five inches by three, and some are much less; and yet each would command a large sum of money. It is proposed to receive subscriptions, each \$10, and at the close of the Fair the subscribers may determine what disposition to make of the building.

Those who admire "cross-sticks" in poetry will find a neat specimen of the article in the following:

ACROSTIC.

(Dedicated to the United States Sanitary Commission.)
BY MRS. DR. MACGOWAN.

To pour in oil and wine—sustain the brave,
Help the wan sufferer—be he free or slave;
Erect we here an altar, where we plead,

Unlock your purses, for our armies' need.
Noble the cause; Columbia's patriots cry,
Implore our aid to save; nor let them die;
Through camp and field, mercy on angel wings,
Each hand outstretched, relief and succor brings.
Disease, with languid eye not turned in vain,

Seizes the boon, and dreams of home again.
Tread lightly; see! a wounded one at rest,
As, breathing low, he slumbers and is blest.
Turn we again; the thickest of the fight,
Eyes flaring o'er in death, a ghastly sight;
See gentle hands wiping the pallid brow,

Sighing and groans exchanged for blessings now.
And you, fair helpers in this work of love,
Not seeking aught but recompense above,
Inspired by that which "droppeth as from Heaven,"
The rich reward of doing good be given.
Ah! when again, sweet peace to us shall come,
Returning dove-like to her exiled home;
Yon starry banner wave o'er every shore,

Circling our Union in its folds once more;
Our glorious country, freed from every ban,
Majestic rise, first in the nations' van.
May the oppressed of every land then see
In our proud Eagle, (symbol of the free,)
Solace and rest; and when we drop a tear
Sacred to those whose memories are dear
In grateful hearts and homes, remember well
Our liberties, secured by those who fell—
Now, fold their banners o'er them—
"All is well!"

And all's right.....Gentlemen contributing to the press should remember to always write on *both* sides of the paper. Time is of no value whatever to printers, and as for editors, they are actually thankful to have anything to do. Also write, if possible, on slips of all sizes and colors. Invariably use a hard lead pencil, and bear on lightly; ink is too legible, and the eyesight of people who often work late at night is invariably good—over the left.....All persons sending any of their "beautiful poetry" to *Our Daily Fare*, are requested to inclose one dollar; seventy-five cents to go to the